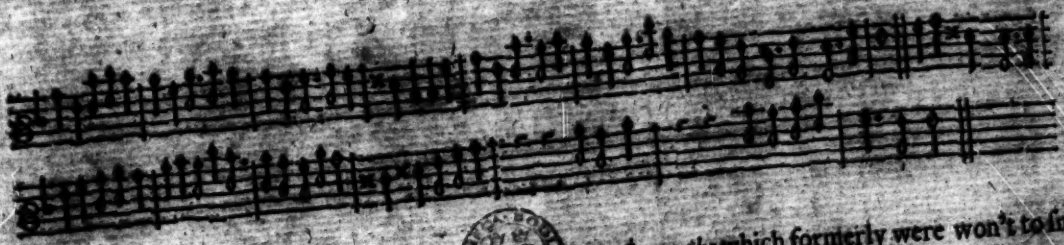
Fair CYNTHIA's Sorrowful Sighs,

BEING

Her ſtedfaſt Reſolution to find out her Beloved CORYDON.

To a Pleaſant New TUNE.



I.

MY ſweet *Corydon*, art thou fled and gone,
and left *Cynthia* in Sighs and Tears;
I have no Relief, but oppreſt with Grief,
haunted with Troops of ſlaviſh fears:
Oh! that now I was in thy tender Arms,
Taſting of thoſe Charms
which I wou'd enjoy:
O ye Gods be kind,——Eaſe my mind,——
don't a Lady thus deſtroy.

II.

Bring me to my Dear, for alas! I fear,
all my Friends they do frown on me;
Therefore for thy ſake, my poor heart will break
if that I cannot come to thee:
Dejected here I wander all alone,
Sigh and making moan,
to enjoy my Dear;
In thy loving Breaſt,——I could reſt,——
but I have no quiet here.

III.

Now my drooping Soul, daily does condole,
thoſe ſad ſorrows I undergo,
Unregarded I, here lamenting lye,
tears from my melting Eyes does flow:
But therefore I reſolve to quit the Grove,
And ſearch for my Love,
never thus diſpair;
For my *Corydon*,——Sure he can,——
eaſe me of my grief and care.

IV.

When thou wert with me, in Felicity,
I my Minutes in Mirth did ſpend;
But thou being gone, and I left alone,
there's many Evils does attend:
Thoſe *nymphs* which formerly were won't to ſmile
Now doth me Revile,
therefore i'le ariſe:
And will come to thee,——Love, ſaid ſhe,——
whom I do ſo highly prize.

V.

If I live or Dye, in his Company,
there my Happineſs will I place;
Like two Lovers ſweet, we'l each other Greet,
kiſs and moſt tenderly Embrace:
For whereſoever he ſhall make his Bed,
There i'de lay my Head,
troubles to deſtroy:
Ye Powers let me have,——What I crave——
then you'l Crown my grief with joy.

VI.

In the ſilent Night, will I take my flight,
when the Shepherds are all ſecure,
Wander far and near, to find out my Dear,
whoſe abſence I cannot endure:
For tho' I now do feel the fatal ſmart,
Of a broken heart,
then I ſhall be free;
When I find my Love,——Who will prove——
both my Life and Liberty.

VII.

Tho' theſe Lines I leave, yet let no one grieve,
when they find 'um within my Bower,
I am gone alone, for to find out one,
which is a ſweet and famous Flower,
Whom I have reaſon always to adore,
Nay, and Honour more
then another Swain;
Therefore Nymphs farewel——Now, and tell,——
that I ſhall return again.

FINIS.

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